

January 18-1943

Dear Mother:

Here I am again. I told you in my card that I wrote to you.

I had dinner at Joe Sitman's they run the general store. They have a nice home but it isn't southern style. It is Bangalow style. I have noticed that every southern home that I have been in is equipped with heavy silver ware and oak furniture. Mr Sitman has an oil painting of his mother when she was a young girl. She has on the old fashioned neck dress which is white. She sure is a haughty and proud looking woman.

I and another boy had dinner there. The southerners sure have a lot of rice and spaghetti. They served spaghetti with oysters in it.

There is always something new. Their maid had Sunday off. So Mrs Sitman served the meal. It was rather plain because she didn't have time to fix a good meal after

coming home from ~~here~~ hearing me preach.

Can you imagine me preaching.

I didn't. Twice in one day.

I didn't do so well in the morning service because I felt more or less all at ease and also I wasn't prepared or expecting to preach all that I thought I would be doing was talking to the Sunday school.

Anyway I did the best I could. It evidently had some results because there were more out for the evening service than the morning.

I don't want to brag and I'm not but really God blessed and moved in the evening service. I tried to conduct it as much like home as I possibly knew.

All I can say is that there were souls hanging in the balance and they wouldn't give in. I hope I didn't make any enemies but anyway I couldn't beat around the bush about it. Their blood couldn't be on my hands. I don't like to use the pulpit to make any statements from

or hide behind. I know very well that there were those who rejected Jesus Christ by the look of Conviction on their faces and the color of their faces. Maybe I should have done it but I told them just how miserable they looked.

Another thing I said that I was going to be a down because they couldn't run me out of the church if they didn't like what I said because I wasn't depending on them for support of any kind.

I didn't make it quite that strong in so many words but they knew and grasped the general idea. So much for that because I don't take any glory or pride in what was accomplished because God did the work and I praise him for it and give him the glory.

He put the words in my mouth and he granted them to him belong the glory.

That is all I can say every-thing is the same.

We don't know when we will leave here things are very indefinite. I might be left here to help clean up. I want you to pray God's will be done because I'll be here for around 5 weeks if I do stay. I like the town & the people. I wish I had my gas book and they would come & get me and take me out to their homes in the evening if they had gas to spare.

I had a nice ride Sunday pm with one of the ladies who plays the piano & her daughter. The girl goes to L.S. U. at Baton Rouge.

I saw a nigger family with 26 kids, who've. I guess that is all the news. I see the girl's name is Helen I can't think of their last name.

She sang a special number if I can I'll get a copy of it. It sure was a beautiful number. That's all I can tell you so bye and lots of love I am going to apply for a leave in March I'd be willing I'll get it. I'll see you tomorrow
Your lone & only son, Le Grand

P.S. I smashed my thumb, my right one. I might lose my nail I don't know. It's black & blue. I wish I had some medicine that would help.